why *Gloſter*, *Gloſter*, id'e ſpeake with the Duke of *Cornewall*, and his wife.

Gloſt. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would ſpeak with *Cornewal*, the deare father
Would with his daughter ſp eake, commands her ſeruice,
Fierie Duke, tell the hot Duke that *Lear*,
No but not yet may be he is not well,
Infirmitie doth ſtill neglect all office, where to our health
Is boũd, we are not our ſelues, when nature being opreſt
Cõmand the mind to ſuffer with the bodie, ile forbeare,
And am fallen out with my more hedier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit, for the ſound man,
Death on my ſtate, wherfore ſhould he ſit here?
This act perſwades me, that this remotion of the Duke
Is practiſe, only giue me my ſeruant forth, (& her
Tell the Duke and's wife, Ile ſpeake with them
Now preſently, bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their chamber doore ile beat the drum,
Till it cry ſleepe to death.

Gloſt. I would haue all well betwixt you.

Lear. O my heart, my heart.

Fooſe. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cokney did to the eeles, when ſhe put vm it h pâſt aliue, ſhe rapt vm ath coxcombs with a ſtick, and cryed downe wantons downe, twas her brother, that in pure kindnes to his horſe buttered his hay.

Enter Duke and Regan.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Duke. Hayle to your Grace.

Reg. I am glad to ſee your highnes.

Lear. *Regan* I thinke you are, I know what reaſon
I haue to thinke ſo, if thou ſhouldſt not be glad,
I would diuorſe me from thy mothers tombe
Sepulchring an adultreſſe, yea are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
Thy ſiſter is naught, oh *Regan* ſhe hath tyed,
Sharpe tooth'd vnkindnes, like a vulture heare,
I can ſcarce ſpeake to thee, thou not beleeue,
Of how depriued a qualitie, O *Regan*.

Reg.

Reg. I pray ſir take patience, I
You leſſe know how to value her
Then ſhe to ſlacke her dutie.

Lear. My curſſes on her.

Reg. O Sir you are old,
Nature on you ſtandes on the v
You ſhould be rul'd and led by ſo
That diſcernes your ſtate better th
Therfore I pray that to our ſiſter, y
Say you haue wrong'd her Sir?

Lear. Aske her forgiuenes,
Doe you marke how this become
Deare daughter, I confeſſe that I a
Age is vnneceſſarie, on my knees I
That you'l vouchſafe me rayment,

Reg. Good ſir no more, theſe a
Returne you to my ſiſter.

Lear. No *Regan*,
She hath abated me of halfe my tr
Lookt blacke vpon me, ſtrooke m
Moſt Serpent-like vpon the very h
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heauen
Strike her yong bones, you taking
Duke. Fie fie ſir.
You nimble lightnings dart you
Into her ſcornfull eyes, infect her b
You Fen ſuckt fogs, drawne by the
To fall and blaſt her pride.

Reg. O the bleſt Gods, ſo will yo
When the raſh mood--.

Lear. No *Regan*, thou ſhalt neu
The tẽder hefted nature ſhall not g
To harſhnes, her eies are fierce, but th
Tis not in thee to grudge my pleaſu
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my
And in concluſion, to oppoſe the b
Againſt my coming in, thou better
The offices of nature, bond of child

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.18)